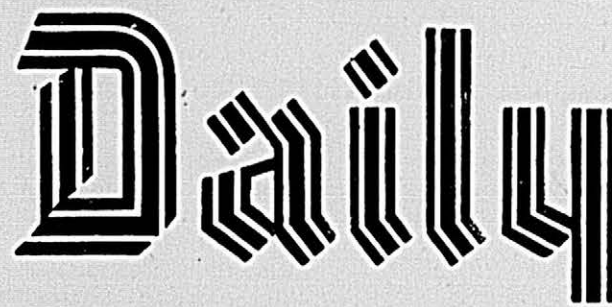
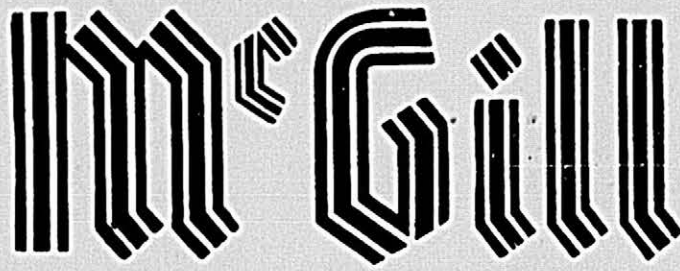


ALL FACULTIES ADMIT ENGINEER'S SUPERIORITY

ENGINEERS'
ISSUE



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ISSUE

Vol. XXXI., No. 52

Montreal, Friday, December 12, 1941

PRICE TWO CENTS

ENGINEERING BANQUET TO BE HELD AT R.V.C.

Dribbling Dick

By ENGY.

You've heard the mumbles of Min and Mick. And now we come to Dribbling Dick; Dribt you've never heard before, From Engineering '44.

What is it we hear about Ginty having a bad temper? This blonde darling of the Engineering Building seems too nice to have such a reputation. But since this information was gleaned in R.V.C., not mentioning any names, it may be jealousy.

It seems that Pamela H. is pretty worried about a certain letter which ended up with the wrong person. Maybe murky letters just shouldn't be written. However girls that play bridge, sitting comfortably on a sofa by a cozy fire, with the lights out, can be expected to do anything. (We guess)...

I think that I shall never see, A poem lovely as a man. If I don't go to Douglas Hall I'll never see a man at all. Might we suggest that the writer of this four line verse communicate with the gentry residing at Engineering Building.

Barbara and Jerry were kissing goodnight. Barbara said "You might as well go home, Jerry, there's no use the three of us standing here."

Quite a thrill was enjoyed by the plumbers who helped a couple of co-eds over a fence on a Geology trip. It seems that the girls got caught on the fence and quite a spectacle ensued.

And who was the engineer who had such a good viewpoint on the girls sitting on the balcony that he missed almost all the show?

Heard in the Engineering building during a lecture in which a professor had remarked that due to the shortage of silk, dresses would be made out of glass in Hollywood. One student remarked, "I think I'll quit and become a glass-blower." "Nuts," replied another, "I'm going to become a window washer."

The Engineers seem to be fighting over a certain Doll. Heinz told Pierre that he had better Leavitt alone.

Dribbling Dick received a letter from Jane. It seems that she was expecting a pin from John during the Christmas holidays. Is he worried? Maybe Syd could help him out.

We would also like to know what goes on with Allen and that Graduate Artswoman when the lights go out in the Geology lecture.

Ted (Between the Bed-ends) Malone had a lot to do with a certain laundress that turned out to be a deb this year. Now he has changed to Law. Self-defence?

Precedent Is Established by Much Slandered Faculty — Campus Cutie Chosen as Queen of Engineers as Artsmen and Airmen Cheer Madly

Cooba Sharp Wins Contest

Plumbers Choice Features Beauty, Brains, Personality

Over fifteen of the most beautiful women on the campus paraded before the judges at the Campus Queen Contest held by the Engineers today. The Crowd was composed of Engineers, Airforce and a few bewildered Artsmen. The Artsmen were literally sitting with their mouths open, astounded by the smooth technique of the Engineers. The girls were put at their ease by various members of the faculty.

The judges were inclined to be a little shy at first, but they soon entered into the fun. Picked by the executive of Eng. '44, they consisted of Sergeant "Wee Albert" Miles, AC2 Arthur Pace, and John Kennedy.

The girls paraded before the judges singly, turning to face the battery of cameras that were there. The lights gave some very nice silhouettes, so the judges say. At this point in the proceedings several ladies appeared in the gallery. They refused to come down, but Hutchison said that he could get all the better points from the floor under the gallery, however Mr. Pace came to their rescue saying that those points did not count. One little lady refused on the grounds that she "had her lies on and could not possibly" why not take 'em off?

The last entry was Glenvina Cowan. This young Hamaphrodite tried to use very unfair means to prejudice the Senior Judge. Daintily (?) lifting her skirts, she strutted her stuff.

The flustered beauty was then photographed for the benefit of posterity and led away to the comparative safety of the Daily office where she was interviewed. Her first words to the assembled throng were, and we quote—"Don't believe what they say about the Engineers, I think that they are wonderful."

She was only a garbage-man's daughter, but she was not to be sniffed at.

—Queen's Journal.

D. V. E.: May I have this dance? She: Certainly, if you can find a partner.

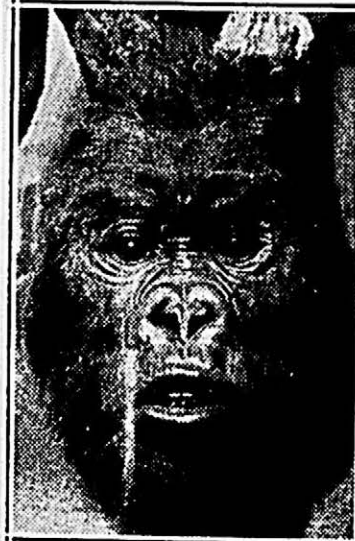
—Acadia Athenaeum.

PLUMBERS' CHOICE



"Cooba" Sharp Campus Queen

ARTSMEN'S CHOICE



They Can't Do Better. Why Not GWEN?

Campus Queen Grants Interview to Plumbers

Cooba Overwhelmed By the Technique Of Engineers

In an exclusive interview by the staff of the Engineering Daily last night (as many as could be packed into the office) the newly elected Campus Queen, Cooba Sharp, gave her life history to a group of wide-eyed Engineers. Naturally the high point of the interview was her impression of the Plumbers. "They are wonderful, and are certainly not the bums most coeds say they are." This is a reasonable facsimile of her words, for the reporter was a susceptible male, and slightly under her influence at the time.

The young lady is a native of Jamaica, and a student in Arts '43. She said she did not expect to win, especially after the appearance of Glenvina Cowan. However the judges were unanimous, and no wonder. The judges say the silhouette was excellent. Blushing girls?

The Queen expressed a decided preference for Army men, but says the Air Force Radio Locators are "a handsome addition to the campus." When asked why she had decided to come to McGill instead of Toronto, she said that this was the only Canadian university she knew of.

Some readers may be interested to know what Cooba means. This is a nickname, meaning "born on Wednesday." One of the motley throng suggested "Loving and Giving"; but Miss Sharp promptly spiked this libel by assuring the beet-faced culprit that the expression was "Wednesday's child is full of woe."—Tsk, tsk, I mean full of woe.

Cooba, (and I hope I may call you Cooba) was emphatic in her denial that her name had no relation to the well known Cuba Libre, but she did admit that she liked the drink. (This admission required a great deal of cross-questioning and third, fourth and fifth degree tactics.)

Sadie Hawkins week was also discussed, and the Toast of Engineering '44, said that one week-end was

(Continued on Page Four)

Assembled Cosmos Hear Plumbing Pete Drooling

Plumbing Pete yesterday instructed the members of the Cosmopolitan Club in the finer points of the technique of the vices and virtues of his native Kenya. The publicity manager of the club, John Karefa-Smart, stated in an interview that he was not listening, and did not remember any of the material of the talk.

From dubious sources it was learned that Kenya once boasted a railroad, built by Artsmen, which was split by a vertical portion with an elevator. In 1925 some McGill Engineers rebuilt the track in a more substantial manner, and donated the elevator to the British Museum.

Wherein Lies Enlightenment For Plumber-suspicious Coeds

The recent and forthcoming dances given by the girls in R.V.C. for the airman is leaving doubts in the engineer's minds as to their feminine appeal. We do not see why us engineers, including our reporter, should not be invited to the dances. After all we have our uniforms too, and as for sex appeal there should be no doubts in anybody's mind as to who has the superiority in this department. After all the Plumber's Ball is not far away. Surely if the girls do not give a party, they could remember us poor engineers during Sadie Hawkins Week. Maybe the engineers will have to take the initiative and give a dance for the Women's Volunteer Corps (Your reporter saw a cute little number riding around the campus the other day in a uniform.)

The engineers are nursing their grievances at the fact that they have been barred from the sacred sanctum of R.V.C. as far as dances are concerned. To quote the recent remark of the newly elected campus

The Engineers Go to Press

Each year at this time the Engineers take over the Daily office for one night to show the other faculties just how a college newspaper should be run. This custom began in 1936 when the regular Daily staff challenged any group on the campus to try and publish an issue worth reading. The Engineers accepted the challenge, of course, and have been repeating their lesson in newspaper publishing every year since.

This year the Engineers brought another first to the campus when they forsook their slide rules for a day and set about selecting a Campus Queen. Their unusually fine appreciation of angles and curves is shown elsewhere in this issue.

Although the attitude of all students attending the university has changed considerably since the Engineers last went to press, students in engineering are beginning to realize, more perhaps than any other group on the campus, the importance of their work in the military and industrial world of today. The students fully realize the importance of training technical men, and are ready to perform their duty in accordance with the wishes of the Government whether it be in the active services or in the war industries.

The value of an engineering training is obvious and the accompanying responsibility is fully appreciated by the students now undergoing that training. It is with the express purpose of training themselves to be of more service to their country that Engineering students are pursuing their present course of studies at the university.

NORM. RETALLACK.

Screwball Sages Strafe Sweipethovsky Sayings

The philosophical society will meet tonight at 11 p.m. in the Peel (plug). After the usual formalities, the sages will get down to the discussion of the theories of the one and only Sweipethovsky, (pronounced swipe-it-off-sky), whose most famous saying is, "Machinator sum ergo cogito," which, being translated, is: "An engineer I am and therefore I think." (drat it ed. I can't spell it) said: "Engineers are definitely not welcome. If any come I shall go to the Manitoba." (Another tavern, I presume). Refreshments will be served throughout the meeting at the Peel's regular prices.

Coeds Make Amends for Missing Contest — Will Play Host at Banquet

All news, sports stories, editorials, features and other material appearing in this issue have been prepared and edited under the direction and responsibility of the Managing Board of the Engineering Daily. The staff and editors of the McGill Daily have taken no part in this production.

Affair Tonight At 6.30—Ducats On Sale for \$1.25

It was announced that the Engineering Banquet will be held in the Royal Victoria College, the women's residence at McGill. This was brought about by the fact that the co-eds felt very sorry about their not appearing at the Campus Queen Contest so they decided to let the Engineers hold their Annual Banquet and Brawl at the Residence.

The co-eds have even gone so far as to promise to provide a complete floor-show for the party and they will try to equal the talent that has been brought in by the committee to entertain the boys of forty-beer fame.

The Engineering students really appreciate the efforts of the co-eds and will reciprocate by showing them how to drink the forty beers. Also we will attempt to show the co-eds what a good time the Engineers can provide.

The tickets for the banquet may be obtained at Fred Barton's Office and it is hoped that the rush won't be so great that the office will be swamped.

Remember, the time is six-fifteen and the place is somewhere in R.V.C. That may mean anyplace from the cellar to the attic. No wandering about the residence without permission will be tolerated and boys remember that you will have to behave like perfect gentlemen. Notwithstanding the fact that you will be provided with the necessary forty-beers, all misconduct and misbehaviour will be met with immediate expulsion from the University.

The Boss—On your way to Smith and Sons you will pass a beer parlor.

Office Boy (college man working during summer months)—Yes, sir. The Boss—Well, pass it.

—Queen's Journal.

This week we have a patient whose condition is of interest, not from a standpoint of diagnosis, but because of its frequent occurrence.

—Western Gazette.

Boiler Room Rites Slay Daily's Editor-in-Chief

EDITOR BURNS UP



HARRY NEWTON LASH

Deaditor Dies

Plumbers, RVC Will Debate

She-Debaters in Tonguetwisting Tournament

Once every year the female of the human species crawls out of her hole in a vain attempt to wrest the debating crown from the Engineers. The astrologers and prophets forecast that they see the RVCites coming in years to come with their miscellaneous offspring to support them only to lose again and to buy the victorious plumbers another supper, in accordance with the rules.

Two years ago, with the co-operation of the judges and other such personages these females managed to get the decision but when they returned the following year to repeat their venture they were justly and definitely defeated, before anyone could say "Forty Beers."

This year the Debating Society chose "Resolved that co-education should be abandoned for the intellectual engineer, THEY SATISFY."

(Continued on Page Four)

Neo-dancers' Death Routine Lays Lash Low

Last night the modern dancers and others, inspired by the actions of the vice-president of the Society of Obscene Scientists as witch-doctor, went through an awe-full ritual in the boiler room of the engineering building, which resulted in the untimely death of the editor-in-chief of the Daily.

At 11.30 p.m. the assemblage congregated in the boiler room and heard a pep talk by one of the members, Miss Zufrieden, who said: "Since our last meeting in the engineering building was such a success, we planned to have some more." (what?) The dancers then put finishing touches on their war-paint (cosmetics) and carefully selected a thorn from a piece of brushwood lying on a table.

The witch-doctor then produced a celluloid doll, fashioned in the shape and form of an editor, from the voluminous folds of his robe (nightshirt). Then, to the wailing of Kundt's tubes and the sound of the tribal yells of one Sierra Leone, he began to stroke the statue suggestively with the thorny twig. The dancers meanwhile interpreted his every action, and, when they reached a climax (honestly I wasn't watching her) he yelled: "A tous les diables avec cet idiot!" and produced a bayonet which he plunged into the left groin of the defenceless statue.

The dancers continued their

(Continued on Page Four)

Around the Globe

Montreal: Macdonald Margie may be found during the day at Eaton's Sport Department, and at the Music Box any night after eight. It is rumoured that the recently invoked cover charge is a result of the sudden inflow toward Margie.

Montreal: Professor Clarke recently exposed the secrets of Old Pompey to the Geology class. They discovered that Engineering Banquets must have been held even in those ancient days, since a male body was found in an obviously inebriated condition, under the dining room table.

Moscow: The Russians are reported to be holding the German's Balkans.

Egypt: The Germans tank they go home now.

Ottawa: Rubber goods have been banned in Canada. Too bad, boys!

Around the Campus

Today: The Engineering Daily—beer—The Engineering Banquet—more beer. . . Philosophical Society meets in the Peel—much more beer. . . U.K. Club cooks tea on bunsens in lab. C in the Chemistry Building. . . Remains of Editor-in-Chief will be cremated in boiler room to music supplied by the Mandolin Club. . . Death, by heart failure, of unsuccessful contestants in Campus Queen contest.

Tomorrow: Newman Club hop. . . Intercollegiate hockey match. . . S.C.M. member exiled to Manitoba. . . MRTB route march, dinna forget.

Sunday: Lost souls' club convenes to put out a mundane issue of Ye Daily.

Coming: Christmas.

PLUMBER'S BALL TO BE HELD IN RVC--RUMOUR

McGill Daily

THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA

Member, Canadian University Press

Published every week-day during the college year at 690 SHERBROOKE ST. W. Telephone LANCaster 2244.

Opinions expressed below are those of the Managing Board of the McGill Daily and not the official opinions of the Students' Society.

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WAYNE Y. CORSE.....Sports Editor
HERB. STEINHOUSE.....News Editor
G. H. FLETCHER.....Advertising Manager

Engineering Daily

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GRAHAM REA.....C.U.P. Editor
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IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE

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Sports: Max Schuller

Reporters:

ENGINEERING '44

Montreal, Friday, December 12, 1941
Vol. XXXI—No. 52

A Vote of Thanks....

The members of Engineering '44 wish to extend their sincere thanks to the Managing Board of the McGill Daily for tendering them the invitation to put out this Engineering Issue and also for the co-operation received from the members of the staff.

Engineers Again....

The Engineers are perhaps the most maligned group of individuals on the campus. They constitute the life of the campus and they try their best to keep up this reputation. Forty beers, a sort of a byline for Engineers, is perhaps beyond the belief of the average Artsman or any other member of the Campus and quite frankly, it is beyond the capacity of the average Engineer, and that means average.

However the Engineering students of McGill are perhaps one of the hardest worked group of students on the campus. With about thirty hours of class and on top of that six hours of drill, the Engineers are pretty pressed for time. Yet you will not find that the Engineers take a back seat in any of the Campus activities. This hardy group can take and can most certainly give it.

The Engineering Daily has become a habit on the campus. Appearing once a year, it is the result of a challenge of the Managing Board of the Daily issued way back when and since then the Engineers have come through with an issue each year. Although their efforts are not quite equal to that of an experienced Daily staff, among the Engineers we can boast several names that appear on the permanent mast-head of the Daily.

This issue is the combined effort of the students of the Class of Engineering '44 and we issue this issue for the general approval of the campus.

Campus Queen

Engineering '44 decided that this campus that we spend so much time on is quite dead. To liven it up it was decided to hold a Campus Queen Contest. However, it seems that the co-eds at McGill are of the shy retiring type and have to be personally persuaded to "strut their stuff" before a group of male students of the University.

The success, of a sorts, of the Campus Queen Contest held yesterday is entirely due to a small group of students, mostly Engineers and some two or three Artsmen (Pre-Engineers), who went out and persuaded the female element of this university that they should appear at this Campus Queen Contest.

We wish to remind the co-eds that the Engineers are not wolves and they don't eat people. They are a good-natured group of students who like to have a lot of fun. We tried to do our bit and I certainly hope that our effort will be appreciated by the rest of the campus. Judging from the turnout of the male element on the campus, it could be said that this is necessary for the campus. Perhaps we may be so bold as

to suggest that a selection be made of the whole campus in order to find the premier exponent of feminine pulchritude of the campus. We might suggest that these people who wish to undertake the difficult task of running such a contest, poll the students for a group of nominations and then have the nominees appear. Whether they will be successful or not in convincing these co-eds to appear, I am quite doubtful as the co-eds of this university believe that co-operation between them and any other group of the campus just isn't the thing to do.

A vote of thanks should be given to those girls who had the gumption to appear at the appointed hour. Four girls appeared without persuasion, four girls of a group of perhaps almost a thousand. In terms of per cents this wouldn't even be significant. This figure speaks for itself. The co-eds of McGill might well be ashamed of their spirit and we hope that in the future such laxity might well be killed by more activities with the whole student body co-operating, both co-eds and male students of the entire student body.

The "HCL" yell of the Artsmen is quite a campus feature but we challenge them to do the same as we did and make as good a job of it. The Engineers might well boast of their McGill spirit as it is about the only group on the campus that can boast of this.

The Rake's Progress

The Knight-Owl

By HOOLIGAN

It was a cold and dismal morning and the very air stank of astro-physics as the Owl meandered past the Plumbers' Sanctum to the nameless horror that awaited him beyond. Then suddenly the Hiboulous countenance broke into a smirk of pleasure, as the scent of rose-water pervaded the atmosphere, and a little pink missile fluttered down from one of the sinister apertures above.

With a hurried glance to the right and to the left to assure himself that the coast was clear, and with a careful scrutiny of the forbidding edifice towering above him, the Owl pounced upon the innocent piece of paper with the ferocity of a hunting tiger. From his left, a grating scream of agony followed by a loud report and the cackling laughter of a sadistic group of Plumbers, rose from the bowels of the earth. "Mechanitores ad orcum eant!" quoted our hero, and once again partly regained his shaken composure. Then, from above, came a shrill scream of terror from a room where the unobservant would only have seen Professor W... scribbling on the board before his dozing class.

This was the last straw, and the Owl took to his heels to consider the situation from the greater security of the Peel, muttering the while:

"Taenarias etiam fauces alta ostia ditis, et in caligantem nigra formidine luco at centu commolae Erebi de sedibus imis, nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda..."

The grating rattle of a song began emanating uncertainly from his larynx, as he contemplated the doubtful advisability of trusting in Livy's system of quieting the forces of darkness.

After three quarts of whiskey, a pint of rum, two swigs of gin, a bottle of brandy and eleven beers, his usual self-confidence came back to him and he remembered the letter. Fumbling half-dazed in his pocket he brought forth the missive, rather the worse for wear, but otherwise unharmed. The first thing he saw was a photograph, but such a photograph. For two straight minutes he gazed at it spell-bound, his alcohol-drugged eyes focussed upon it with such intensity that he held it still midst its wavering surroundings. The face that peered out at him from the paper, the face of a rapacious blonde, dazzled him with its beauty, filled him with an inward fire that made him feel the match of anything on earth, even the German army or a savage plumber.

Then his eyes dropped to the letter, demurely written in a tidy roundhand.

Dear Mr. Owl,

Please forgive me for taking the liberty of bothering you in this way, but I need help desperately and I need it at once. I graduated from high school this spring and was persuaded by a boy I knew in engineering to become an architect at McGill. For the first two months everything went beautifully the engineers were nice to me, and the boys in architecture were very nice to me (all five of them). Then, five days ago, as I was leaving the building in the evening I was seized by a ruffianly bunch of plumbers and thrown into a dungeon, surrounded by a mob, in room 27. For five days I have seen and spoken to no-one except my jailors, and I want to be rescued. I have heard much about you, and believe that you are the only man who can save me from my torment. Please, Mr. Owl, come round tonight, when it is dark, and see if you can't get me out of here.

Praying for your success,

Joan McGinty.

The Owl's chest swelled with a misbegotten pride, and he forgot the terror that had been instilled in him by what he had seen and heard. The days of chivalry were not yet gone, he could yet win his spurs and the hand of the fair lady.

The last dismal stroke of twelve was just dying away in the night air as a bat flitted hurriedly away from the door of the engineering building, where its sleep had been disturbed by a long black shadow stealthily making its way inside. Once his master keys had forced the door, a flashlight in the shadow's hand flicked on and began playing about the walls and doors about him. Then on his left he saw his goal, room 27. As he approached the door, he heard the swishing of muddy water in the

moat, and the clanking of chains in the dungeon. An involuntary shudder passed through his body as he pushed the door open and shone his light around. Then the marrow in his bones froze, as directly opposite him a mysterious figure, undoubtedly the jailor, also looked about with a flashlight. In an instant the Owl switched his flashlight off and made a flying leap for his adversary, but the latter was too quick for him, switching his own lamp off and sidestepping, allowing our hero to smash head-first through a mirror to the marble wall behind.

The Owl was tenderly feeling his battered cranium, and weighing in his hand the piece of his protruding proboscis that had been slashed off by the shattered glass. At that moment he heard the voice of doom beside him, "Hello, my friend, this is a pleasant surprise." Looking up, he saw the freshman plumber whom, with the aid of his evil room-mate, the Bat, and the unspeakable Mulligan, he had ambushed last year and doused in a duck-pond.

"I am glad to see you here," said his nemesis, picking the Owl up by the scruff of the neck and carrying him down a flight of stairs. There, in the flickering light from the fire of a boiler, he saw a group of painted dancers going through the ritual of a voodoo death-spell, and on the floor a small statuette of Harry Lash, bristling with knives and stilettos. Then the dancing stopped, and Lash was thrown into the boiler furnace, where the flames consumed him with a dreadful roar. "Now, you're next!" said a voice from the shadows, and the Hibou was carried bodily to another room, where he again heard the grating scream that had struck horror into his heart in the early morn. All about him he saw huge instruments of torture reaching to the roof, then he saw where the screams were emanating from. A thick rod of steel was being pulled bodily in half by one of these instruments, screaming in mortal agony the while, then came the report that he had heard before, and the bar was rent asunder. "You're Next!" said the voice that he had heard before, "You have told some scurvy lies about the engineers, now you can pay for them. I wonder what your modulus of elasticity is; we'll soon know anyway." Then the Owl felt a pair of vices tightening about his head and feet, and vented a howl of unholy terror. "I've never said anything about the engineers, honestly I have not," and he felt himself growing taller and a multitude of internal stresses that doctors have never dreamt of were set up in his elongating body. Then, just as he was reaching the bursting point, he felt the tension at his extremities relaxing.

"Of course, he is an Artsman", the mysterious voice said, "But even so he may be telling the truth, he may not have said the things printed in his name. In all fairness I think we should put him through the new electric conductivity lie-detector before we stretch him any more." A discordant babble of argument broke forth, which ended in the decision postulated by the Voice, for which the Owl breathed a prayer of thanks. Our hero was placed on a conveyor belt which carried him through all manner of things mechanical and horrible and finally slid him out onto a slab in a room about which lightning crackled in every direction. On the door to the room he saw the sign, 'High Tension Lab, Danger, Keep Out' and shuddered.

Wires were attached to the fingers of each hand and to a large dial on the wall, and a sizzling, burning, fiery column of electrons passed through his twitching cadaver. Then the Voice spoke again, this time with a 'funeral knell' ring to it "Have you ever spoken to a co-ed architect?" Remembering the Hay-Ride, the Owl thought it best to deny this accusation, whereupon the dial on the wall hopped like a demented kangaroo. Again the Voice spoke "Did you do the things and say the things about the engineers that are attributed to you?"

By this time the Owl had passed out and did not bother to answer, then in his delirium he muttered "no, no, NO!!!" The needle in the dial was still. The prostrate Owl was lifted off the slab and dumped on the floor. "Bring Mulligan!" said the Voice, and two messengers left the room on their new mission....

(To be continued next year, Maybe, if you are all good and read your Engineering daily from cover to cover.)

Macdonald Memoirs

We arrived at Macdonald before noon on a bright Monday morning. After wandering around rather aimlessly in the direction of the girl's residence, we returned to find that we had a room. This pleased us no end, since it meant that we could cavort in private any time. Dinner was served. The gentlemen filled into the dining room rather uncertainly, but this was suddenly increased almost to a panic when the awe-inspiring spectacle of a Mac yell presented itself. Lifting the tables well clear of the floor, so that cutlery and other miscellany was flung in all directions, the girls gave their best. A moment of shocked silence followed. Then the Engineers, recovering, gave their best.

After supper, the Engineers spread themselves out so that they could cover the territory to the best advantage. By eight that night not a girl was to be seen alone. We took the place by storm. The first lesson was learning how to focus a level or transit telescope on the girls at the residence. By experiment it was found impossible to right the image in an inverting eyepiece by standing on one's head. However, much was seen of great interest.

As the work progressed the boys could themselves more at home, and could even find somewhere to spend the evenings. The Canada Hotel (adv.) was very nice. Also an astounding discovery was made. The Greeks harboured a very fine (?) little, in height but not girth, blonde. This was Macdonald Margie. It was Margie who later was seen disappearing into the woods along the Stonycroft farm road in the company of Mosler and Lackman.

The level course, about three miles long, was easily traversed by most, due to the fact that one of the instructresses was kind enough to stand just in front of yours truly, with all the answers. The deflection course was similarly managed between little games of tennis and other pastimes.

The Gym Dormitory proved to be the scene of various actions. Two aliens managed to

festoon the place with CENSORED paper and set fire to it. On top of this, various missiles were hurled from above by these men (?). However nothing happened except that they had a bit of a swim. Levi ran into some distress one night and was firmly held in the middle of the oval yelling in a loud voice, "HELP! HELP!" One tall engineer ran into a little trouble in the person of Rhoda S. who managed to toss him over her shoulder. The results were four stitches in the arm.

In all it was a really good party. We wish that we could go back. No small part of the fun was the rides with Prof. Kelly with eight in the car. Result—two broken springs.

The hardest working member of the whole gang was Bing, that noble police dog that carried hubs for miles and really should get a medal.

Science Speaks

By T. N. T.

CALCULUS

Here are some extracts from a calculus examination paper, for the perusal of those who are not familiar with this noble branch of mathematics.

Question 1. A wedge of angle alpha, rests on a plane of angle epsilon. Using graphs, show that, if the product phi epsilon alpha is zero, transverse motion is possible, but that if the product is finite, the plane will be penetrated.

Question 2. Given that Ss is equal to t^{1/2} (1), show that, as t tends to zero, Ss tends to A, and that when t is maximum Ss tends to E. Incorporate the above results in a graph. (Ss is the subject studied, I is the intelligence of the student, A is Arts and E is Engineering).

Question 3. A train starts from Montreal (P.Q.) for Toronto (X.Y.) at 65 miles per hour at 1.45 p.m. Greenwich Mean Time. Another train starts at 2.12 a.m. Japanese Daylight-saving Time. Given that it is 387.14159 miles from Montreal to Toronto, find which train will meet the other first. Also give an accurate graph showing the displacement velocity/acceleration/time diagrams.

The paper concluded with the following instructions: "All graphs must be smoothly finished on brown paper with a french curve."

PHYSICS

In the best traditions of the study of Physics, a mild explosion was generated when some new units were proposed. These units include wahs, syeks, yellers, namorfs, J.V.s, nostawighs, grubnetors, xurets, following the good old process which produced mhos from the name Ohm.

CHEMISTRY

At the beginning of this session the organic chemistry class was split into two sections, so that the engineers and other worthy students could assimilate some more advanced ideas. From their lecture notes come the following gems.

Primary alcohol may be defined as the first glass. Secondary alcohol may be defined as the second glass. Tertiary alcohol may be defined as when the artsman slides under the table.

Free radicals are usually known as members of the young communist league.

Several years ago a McGill professor discovered the base of the structure of a female sex hormone. He is still working on it.

Figure out the mechanisms and then you realize that the molecules do the natural thing.

Don't ask me any more questions please.

An excursion into the realm of medical science was provided when Professor French defined castor oil as one of the best plasticizers known.

At the Movies

At Loew's: TWO-FACED WOMAN, with Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Constance Bennett, and Roland Young. (Second week).

At the Palace: IT STARTED WITH EVE, with Deanna Durbin and Charles Laughton. (Second week).

At the Capitol: LADIES IN RETIREMENT, with Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward. Also, THE STORK PAYS OFF.

At the Princess: BADLANDS OF DAKOTA, with Ann Rutherford. Also, CRACKED NUTS.

SLIPSTICK SALAD

By KAYSID

FEMINA IN ARCHITECTURE

This is about Silver and Slug. They were nuts. They wanted to see the world. And life. So they went into architecture.

Frozen music. Females in architecture are odd. And awful. Silver and Slug studied they were. Artistic.

In a repulsive sort of a way they drank. Weak tea with lemon. Silver and Slug went to lectures. Stupid.

Silver and Slug left lectures. Silly. Silver and Slug loved the profs. They were so sad.

So deadly. Drip. Silver and Slug had heard about Things. Like men who lived with machines. Engineers.

Twentieth century techniques. Beware. (Continued on Page Four)



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Letter Forum

(Every letter to the editor must bear the signature of the sender as evidence of good faith, though anonymity will be respected if desired. Letters should be typewritten if possible.)

Edditer, McGill Doyle,
Yestoiday, one of the boys from that burg near Hamilton, (Ya know: Toronto) honored us with a few funny gables. (Artsmen say: Witly remarks), and no Engineer can take dem things lying down.
As if it was our fault if Toronto has no Mountain and no taverns! Ye'd think they believe themselves smart because they hoive a carnival each year, whilst Montreal has only a Wax Museum.

If all they can afford for there Intellectual development are whisk-koid ladies and racing baboons, they can keep their burg and frame it, we hoive us fellows in Montreal, we hoive McGill, and We hoive, yes, we hoive the Engineers, which is sumpling!
So dont yer dare say McGill's in Toronto again, or ye'll heve to reckon with us.

Yer's truly,
ARCHIBALD DOO-DAD.

CORPS CADETS ORDERS

By
MRS. T. A. C. TYRRELL
Commandant

5. Parade. Fri. Dec. 12th. 1815 hours. The Detachment will parade at the High School, not at the R.V.C. as previously announced.
6. Dress and Saluting regulations. Owing to lack of space, these orders are not published but are posted on the Orderly room notice board. R.V.C. Cadets should read there before parade today if possible.

Boiler Room Rites Slay
Daily's Editor-in-Chief

(Continued from Page One)

gracefully wild activities, letting the statue have their thorn as they passed. They came to an immediate halt, ejected the Owl et cie, and the lights dimmed sympathetically. With solemn dignity, the witch-doctor opened the stoke hole and consigned the statue to the flames, whose lurid glare reflected from the ashen faces and fiery shorls of the assembled throng. When the last trace of the image had disappeared, the witch-doctor clapped his hands three times, closed the stoke hole, and invoked the lights to their normal brilliance. The meeting then adjourned to the Union for refreshments.

Slipstick Salad

(Continued from Page Two)

The Engineers had an open house. They went
They were received with joy
Tempered with contempt
The Engineers were divided
There were
Mechanicals, electricals, civils
And mice
Nice mice
There were miners and multitudes
Of machines
The electricals spoke with a slight
Buzz
The civils were singular and
Suave
The architects were appealing
The chemicals were careful
The mechanicals were truly
virtuous

And the miners were marvelous
Silver and Slug loved Engineers
In a body
Eek
Women in architecture unite
To give Engineers tea
And they are all so polite
They only fight over spoons
The two spoons
But it's a fable about ferocity
Engineers' ferocity
They are just spirited gentlemen
An Architect is an Engineer with
a soul.

For Intellectuals and Artsmen. . .
The latter continue to make a
spectacle of their ignorance. . .

Take for instance the story about
Engineer O'Toole who was telling
his friends that he was "taking an
Architect to the Prom. . .". A
snooping artsman overheard, and
rushing up to the Engineer he asked
(with a decided Personal Interest)
"What's HIS name?"

Of course everyone else knows
that there are coeds in Architecture.
And, by the following incident, a
couple of artsmen even found out!
—Yep, Adrian and Ballantyne, two
very coy lads, set out to visit Focus,
the new Architects' Exhibition
room and see the fine exhibit of
drawings that they had read about
in the Daily (please note) . . . With-
out a compass, A. and B. were lost
when they entered the Engineer-
ing Bldg., and by mistake wander-
ed into the new coeds' common

Sports Today

FENCING

5.15 p.m.
Workout

WEIGHTLIFTING

5.00 p.m.
Workout

GYMNASTICS

5.00 p.m.
Workout

BASKETBALL

5.10—F2 vs. G2—Braye
5.10—F3 vs. G1—Leonards
6.00—C2 vs. F3—Braye
6.00—A1 vs. C.O.T.C.—
Leonards

SQUASH

6.00 p.m.
E vs. G

room. . . They say the exhibition
is WONDERFUL!!

Rover says . . .
The artisan is like the flea . . .
He jumps around all year,
And in the end, where does he
go to?
—To the dogs.

In the country life is what you
make it,
In the city, it's what you make?

The Engineer's Banquet to-night
is bound to be a wow! We're not
sure yet, but it seems that three or
four coeds in Architecture may at-
tend. . . Could it be that the floor
show has run short of personnel. . .?

Campus Queen Grants
Interview to Plumbers

(Continued from Page One.)

enough. She also said that the idea
was usually just a nodding ac-
quaintance. eBtter start dating now,
boys.

Some of the more particular read-
ers may want the all-important
telephone number. Well, buy a di-
rectory, or read on MacDuff.

Miss Sharp is an excellent dancer,
being proficient in South Ameri-
can dances such as the rumba and
the conga. In her own words (so
help ME) she comes from a hot
country.

Personal to Miss Sharpe: (and I
hope I may—Didn't I say that be-
fore?) Dear Florence: all incidents
and what not printed in this column
are purely from memory (very
BEERY) and I hope you will for-
give any mistakes, misquotes, and
misrepresentations. If you want to
make an issue of it (I hope) get in
touch with me under the initials,
J. M. (Ain't it coy).

For reference, the name is MISS
FLORENCE (COOBA to her initia-
les—sigh) SHARP, telephone
MA. 9176.

Plumbers, R.V.C.
Will Debate

(Continued from Page One.)

lectual benefit of the student."
However, using fair means or foul
these self-styled Amazons are doom-
ed to failure into the third and
fourth generations.

Military Life

Miscellaneous facts gleaned here
and there by various means by
Anonymous:

It is reported by usually reliable
sources that the redoubtable Mr.
Flint was seen practicing tank tac-
tics American Style in the vicinity
of Snowdon Junction. There is one
young Flint that will know his
stuff by the time that he has to get
into it all.

Mr. Birmingham has found the
ideal way to take the troops up to
the front line while advancing in
single file. Ably demonstrated by
Messrs. Hart, Lewis and Burn-
ingham, this manoeuvre was carried
out at the recent Prom. The weav-
ing done however is claimed not to
be part of the movement. The only
criticism offered to date is that of
Mr. Flint, "Everyone wants to be
behind Birmingham." Safety first,
no doubt. At last the army advances
according to the stirring rhythms of
the conga!

Your reporter has found out why
the one-pippers have talked so
much about the Red Cross Corps of
Cadets, lovely young females. Oh
Mr. Lewis, who is that little lady
that has been pushing so much to
the fore, to be near you? We still
feel that it is not the marching that
attracts you gentlemen, but the re-
sults thereby obtained.

Mr. Hill, recently returned from
a short visit to somewhere, was to
be seen cavorting at the Prom. He
was sailing rather high, and did not
seem to be able to get his mind off
the fact. All that we are desirous
of knowing is what happened to
"Freddie" for the last little while.
We hear that the whole thing was
a little too big for him. Congratu-
lations on the little lady!

Now to descend from the high
and mighty, to the higher and
mightier, that is from the ossifiers
to the very rank files. In a recent
expedition made to Mount Royal,

various people returned very well
camouflaged. One member tried to
turn in his coat due to the fact
that it was covered with 987 burrs,
according to his count. The march-
ing has greatly improved, now
there are less than fourteen differ-
ent and distinct beats to be heard.
Of course we are still having a
slight amount of trouble with the
rugged individualists, such as At-
kinson and Hall. Hall insists that
it is possible to wear bright red
gloves with standard uniform. Some
people ought to be shot.

In a special interview with THAT
MAN your reporter found out that,
beginning the new year, a drastic
change is going to take place in the
military training at this college. In-
stead of the present thirty hours
lectures and six hours training, it
will be thirty hours training and
six hours lectures.

The boys have been having a
little trouble with Sergeant Pal-
mer. It seems that the combination
of the Scottish drawl(?) the mili-
tary manner, and the tobacco (or
what is it) are too much. One pla-
toon was seen to do the following
things after being given a command
—turn right, turn left, present arms,
order arms, right dress, and step
off briskly.

Sergeant "Wee Albert" Miles is
still around. The same grin, the
same uniform and the same jokes
He did pretty well for himself at
the beauty contest. We have de-
finite evidence that he had a differ-
ent viewpoint on the ladies. One
of the pictures shows his eyes
steadily fixed on the (?) floor,
while the others gaze upward. Oh
Albert!

Pot Pourri
by Deff.

The devil sent the gust
That blew her skirts so high;
But fate is just—
It sent the dust
That blew in that artisan's eye.

From Dogpatch comes the news
that one of their most respected re-
sidents, Barny Barnsmell, is hop-
ing to come to McGill to study chem-
istry under the supervision of Pro-
fessor Barnes.

And here is a challenge to our
righteous friends, the Theologues.
Any theologian is hereby challenged
to tell the campus in general the
first line of the most widely known
hymn which deals with the pro-
cessing of cassiterite. A prize of one
beer, drinkable by the winner at
the Peel is offered to the first gen-
uine theologian who gives the cor-
rect answer to the above.

It is reported that P.R.V.C. Hall,
president of the Philatelic and
Numismatic Society (Stamp and
Coin Club to ignorant artsmen) is
considering auctioning some of his
initials, in aid of the War Fund and
his own peace of mind, at the so-
ciety's next Chinese Auction, (plug).

After the engineers gave an ex-
quisite rendering of their yell, we
heard a feeble murmur of "HCL
HCL, the engineers can go to Hxxx"
(censored by the Dean). Upon hear-
ing this, a budding chemical thought
of the next member of the HX
series, and gave voice to: "HBr
HBr, that's where arts and science
are."

An Artsman's Lament

In a tavern in a canyon, excavating
for a stein,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner, and his
daughter, Clementine.
Light she was and like a fairy, and
her shoes were number nine,
Bottle boxes, without Popsies san-
dals were for Clementine.
She let her lips down to the barrel,
were the weather dull or fine.
She drank too deep—her wits did
pickle—and fell into the foaming
wine.
I saw her face beneath the billows,
blowing bubbles mighty fine,
But alas I was no drinker, so I lost
my Clementine.

BARTON
INTERVIEWED
By A. M.

In an exclusive interview held in
the dusky confines of the forty beer
domicile, Fred Barton came out
with the statement that the modern
coed, although beautiful, is frivol-
ous. The current trill, according to
one who has seen them come and
go for many a year, is no longer
the coy young thing who once
daintily dodged the icy missiles
which issued forth from the engi-
neers den. Indeed the coed of to-
day is both forthright and bold,
even to the extreme of invading
the sanctity of the plumbers hole.

This latter, however is an im-
provement in Fred's opinion. No
longer can the engineering build-
ing be accused of lacking color es-
pecially since the inception of the
Rainbow Room, and for the first
time the click of feminine heels can
be heard in the deep dank corri-
dors of the forbidding building at
the side of the campus.

Fred feels that more coeds should
enter the faculty, thus furnishing
possible talent for a floor show at
the engineering banquet. This latter
would lower the cost of the banquet
appreciably and would give the
Architects a chance to show them-

Operation Instruction

1. Parade. Battalion will parade for Route March as follows:
"A" Coy. Less Pls. 1, 2, 3 and 4; "C" Coy. Less Pl. 14; "D" Coy.;
"E" Coy.; "F" Coy. Less Pl. 28; "G" Coy.
2. Date. Saturday, 13th December, 1941.
3. Time. 1400 hours.
4. Place. Stadium.
5. Dress. Battle Dress, Greatcoats, Drab Gloves.
6. Formation. Companies in line in the following order, facing SOUTH
—A, C, D, E, F and G.
7. Markers. 3 markers from each Coy. will report to B.S.M. at Field
House at 1355 hours.
8. Roll Call and Inspection. Under Coy. arrangements.
9. Band. Band will parade at Armoury at 1330 hours, and will fall in on
Stadium Track, S.W. Corner at 1415 hours.
10. Order of March. (Out) Band—G, F, E, D, C, A Coys.
(In) Band—A, C, D, E, F, G Coys.
11. Distances. 10 paces between Coys. and Band; 5 paces between
Platoons.
12. March Off. 1420 hours.
13. March Route. (Out) WEST on Pine and Cedar Avenues NORTH on
Cote des Neiges Road EAST on Remembrance
Road.
(In) WEST on Remembrance Road SOUTH on Cote
des Neiges Road EAST on Sherbrooke St.
NORTH on University Street EAST on Pine
Avenue.
14. Re-formation. Following break, Battalion will form up on Remem-
brance Road facing WEST, in close column of Platoons, Nos. 1
to 34 in numerical order.
15. Dismissal. At Stadium.

H. S. L. BROWN, Major,
O. I/c M.R.T.B.

selves on the campus. Finally Fred
quoted the odds—at present 60 en-
gineers to every coed architect.

"E" COMPANY THEME SONG.
(Tune of Old Notre Dame.)
We are the boys of "E" Company.
All Engineers, it's easy to see.
When we march or shoot or drill
We are the pride of Old McGill.
In everything we raise to the fore,
Building a bridge or winning a war.
Lift your glass and hold it high
As Plumbers go marching by.

H. WEIN,
Eng. III.

SKI SCHOOL HITS THE HAY AS
HOPES FOR SNOW MELT

By Rachel Weisberger

While students on campus shed
heavy overcoats and wondered at
the unusual spring-like weather,
members of the University ski
school went skiing yesterday after-
noon.

It was all done on straw as about
50 coeds journeyed to Drumlins
country club for the first outdoor
practice of the year.

"At this time last year we were
skiing on snow," Robert Williams,
School of Forestry instructor and
newly-appointed director of the ski
school, said.

"But straw is an excellent substi-
tute for snow—just as good as
borax, sand, or pine needles which
are often used. It's easier for be-
ginners to get the feeling of hand-
ling skis and, also, there's not much
speed in coming down a straw-cov-
ered slope."

Just as Much Fun
General consensus of skiers was
that skiing on straw is just as much
fun, although the speed was too un-
certain. "Coming down, all you
hope for is that you'll be able to

stop," one coed commented after
her first trial run.

The ski school is divided into two
groups, with about 100 students en-
rolled in both divisions. Meeting
Tuesday nights and Wednesday af-
ternoons, the school uses a portable
night lighting system which, as far
as it is known, is the only one of
its kind used for class instruction
purposes in the country, Williams
said.

Assist Williams

Assisting Williams are Prof. Fay
Welch, former director of the ski
school; John Maxwell, captain of
the men's ski teams; Nancy Essex,
captain of the women's ski team;
Marion Jones, WAA winter sports
manager; Willard Horn and John
Bradford.

The advanced group, consisting
of six coeds, will compete in invita-
tion meets later in the year against
Middlebury, St. Lawrence, Vermont,
New Hampshire, McGill, Skidmore,
Radcliffe, William Smith, Connecti-
cut College for Women, and Vassar.
Highlight of the season will be an
intercollegiate invitation meet at
Lake Placid in which about 10 uni-
versities and colleges will enter late
this month.—Daily Orange.

ONE HALF OF CLASS OF 1938
ENTERED GRADUATE OR
PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

45% of Those in Advanced Study
Had College Honors

Half of the members of the Class
of 1938 attended graduate or pro-
fessional schools after their gradua-
tion from Harvard, the Dean's of-
fice revealed yesterday. Of the 938
men who reported on their activi-
ties, 468 stated that they had en-
gaged in some sort of post-graduate
study.

Of this number, 235 or 27.2% of

the men reporting, said they were
attending one of the Harvard
schools, while the remaining 213
carried on their specialized 'work
elsewhere.

By far the greatest number of
those who chose to enter Harvard
graduate schools went to the Law
School, which had 37.3% of those
taking graduate work here. The
Graduate Schools of Arts and Sci-
ences and Business Administration
each received 20% of the group.
Ten per cent. went to the Medical
School.

The proportions of the students
choosing non-Harvard graduate
schools were quite different. Arts
and sciences at other universities
attracted 35.7% of the total num-
ber, with Law Schools and Medical
Schools following with 27.7% re-
spectively.

Of the class of 1,085 students, 192,
or 17.7%, did not receive their
bachelor's degree in College. Four
hundred and twenty-five graduates
did not go on for advanced study.
Of the 468 graduate schools, 45.1%
received honors in College. On the
other hand, only 21.9% of the men
that did not continue their studies
graduated from Harvard with hon-
ors.

—Harvard Crimson

GEOLOGY MAJORS SOLVE
WEATHER PUZZLE WITH
REDISCOVERY OF OLD
INSTRUMENTS.

Is it going to snow tomorrow?
Ask some of our unofficial campus
weather observers.

Several geology majors have re-
discovered some old meteorological
instruments. With these, a weather
map of the United States, and some
technical tips from Prof. H. M.
Fridley, geology, they have ade-
quate material for making fairly
reliable weather predictions.

The weather map is published
daily by the United States Weather
bureau in Washington, D.C. Infor-
mation regarding prevailing condi-
tions is reported to the bureau
every morning from various posts
throughout the country. Composites
of the statistics are handed to the
chief forecaster, he studies them,
and then makes his predictions.

The complete information is as-
sembled on the map according to
geographical occurrence. The work
of gathering information, forecast-
ing, printing and mailing the map
is done in three hours.

The maps are quite accurate.
With the aid of the printed direc-
tion, the average person can make
predictions a day or two ahead.

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IF YOU ARE WILLING TO GIVE SOME SPARE TIME TO THE
WORK OF THE WAR COUNCIL, PLEASE FILL IN YOUR
AVAILABLE TIME BELOW:

DAY: Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat.

HOURS:

(Morning).....

(Afternoon).....

(Evening).....

ARE YOU WILLING TO CONTRIBUTE ANY OF THE FOLLOW-
ING AT THE TIMES YOU HAVE MENTIONED ABOVE? (Check
which)

(a) Help canvass for salvage, etc..... (b) Offer services to

Research Council..... (c) Help organize events: sports.....

academic..... (d) Offer entertainment (if so, please list of

what nature below)..... (e) Make posters and decoration, or

help with them..... (f) Drive your car.....

Miscellaneous services which you can offer:

TO WHAT CLUBS OR SOCIETIES DO YOU BELONG, AND IN
ANY SPECIAL CAPACITY? (List below)

Many post offices and lobbies of
public buildings display the maps.

The barograph, located in Pro-
fessor Fridley's office, measures the
pressure.

On the roof of the Chemistry
building is a box-shaped object
with a funnel-top. This is the rain
gauge. Water passes through the
funnel to a bucket and tips it. Each
time the bucket is tipped the in-
formation is recorded on a dial.

Although the students make the
forecasts merely for their own
amusement, Professor Fridley com-
mends their accuracy which is

usually better than fifty-one per
cent. for from 24 to 48 hours.

"No one can forecast a week
ahead with any great accuracy," he
says. "Even the weather bureau
attempts to predict only four days
in advance. Persons who give fore-
casts months ahead merely do it by
taking the average of past weather
reports."

Daily Athenaeum.

Why does a horse hold his head
down on Monday?

(Answer to this next week).

—Queen's Journal.

HONEY DEW Rendezvous for
GOOD FOOD!
Away with mealtime monotony!
Date yourself for a visit to Honey
Dew. You'll enjoy the sparkling
quality and extra taste in Honey
Dew food. Drop in today.

**A Short Dash
from the Campus** **HONEY DEW**

DANCE TO
BLAKE SEWELL & HIS ORCHESTRA
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT AT
The RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL
Vocals by RUSS KEARNS
and THELMA LANE
DANCING 9 to 1 — CABARET STYLE
ADMISSION \$2.00 PER COUPLE (All Taxes Included)
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TRY THIS ONE
FOR SHEER SATISFYING ENJOYMENT
CRISP FLAKES OF TOASTED
COCONUT IN RICH
MILK CHOCOLATE

**Neilson's
MACAROON**
RICH MILK CHOCOLATE

**BUY
SOME
TODAY..**

Neilson's



WHAT DO I DO NOW?

Sorry, we can't tell you what to do now . . . but we could have
told you plenty about skis and skiing if you had been to the Ski
Chalet. Not only would you find such notables as laminated
skis by Andreef. . . . "Track" Khandahar and touring harness
. . . "Specified" hand-made Canadian boots and Penguin ski-
wear for men. But also, up-to-the-minute information on snow
conditions, transportation, and much more.

Listen in to Frank Scofield's "Ski School of the Air," Thursday,
6.35 to 6.45 p.m. CBM.

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